

DEFIED EVIL GENIUS

By PETER BROWN.

"Seems to me that people are getting tired of being insured," said John Hambleton to his pretty wife, Elsie, as he hung up his hat and took off his overcoat. He cast himself down disconsolately upon the lounge and Elsie sat down beside him.

"Poor business today, dear," she asked, with her arms round his neck. "Not a cent," answered her husband. "Not yesterday either. Hardly ten dollars worth this week. How are we going to make the next payment on our home?"

Elsie looked about her, at the pretty living room, with the ivy tendrils peeping in at the window, at the flower beds outside, gay with geraniums. It was not a big house, but it was an uncommonly comfortable one, and it was conveniently situated within commuting distance of the city.

They had been lured into the country by an advertisement of a firm of real estate agents, which stated that a new house, with "every convenience," could be purchased for three hundred dollars down, and a little more than ten times that sum "the same as rent." John Hambleton had paid off about two thousand dollars, and now it seemed as though his home was to be taken away. The receipts from his business were steadily dwindling.

Perhaps it was the diversity of his interests that made him unsuccessful. After all, it is difficult to argue convincingly upon the necessity of taking out burglary insurance when you have just been telling another man that the greatest danger to a house comes from fire. And John Hambleton was an agent for all forms of insurance—life, accident, fire, and burglary. So here he was at thirty-five, with a home that was slipping out of his grasp.

"I've spoken to Stimpson," pursued John mechanically. "I asked him to let one instalment go. He laughed



He Laughed at Me.

at me. He said that if I didn't pay up sharp on the day it was due, he would take back the house. He said that was where the profits came in, and that he couldn't give away expensive houses unless some of the purchasers were going to default."

"But can he take it away, John?" asked Elsie in terror.

"It seems he can. He's got me hard and fast on the agreement, sure enough. And as it looks to me, Elsie, we are going to lose our home on the first of next month."

"John," said Elsie solemnly, "do you know what day of the week we moved out here?"

"Friday?" asked her husband gloomily.

"Yes, dear, and if you remember, it was your own suggestion, because the removal company told you you could get a van five dollars cheaper on that day than any other. And we have had nothing but ill luck ever since we came."

Elsie drew out her handkerchief and began to cry.

Their ill luck had, indeed, been phenomenal. John's business had steadily dwindled, sickness had eaten into their little reserve, the house had needed repairs which Stimpson refused to make. The estate firm made its money that way, as the agent had truly said. It gave good value and watched its captives slowly lose their homes. The class of purchasers with whom it dealt was frequently in need of funds, when this need became imperative, Stimpson & Co. took back the property under the cunningly drawn clauses of the contract.

"Well, we'll go," said John savagely. "We'll give the thief his house, with fire insurance and burglary insurance thrown in. And may it perish with him, may it prove the worm of decay that gnaws at the bud of his prosperity until—"

That was as far as John could go. They engaged a little city flat,

which they found they could obtain without prepayment. They were to move in on the first. Elsie was too heart-broken to stay out the entire month. As for Stimpson, when he heard the news he rubbed his hands and grinned.

"John," exclaimed Elsie suddenly, "do you know what day of the week we are going to move back to town?"

"Yes, I do," John answered morosely. "It's Friday, because we can get a moving van five dollars cheaper on that day. And may the hoodoo come along with us and do his darndest."

Elsie clapped her hands. They had smarted so long under their misfortunes—one after another, and all unforeseen—that they found a childish pleasure in defying their evil genius, and Friday, the first, might have been Friday, the 13th, for all they cared.

The day arrived, the house was emptied and locked, and the household goods piled in the van. In a pelting rain, which proved the prelude to a tropical thunderstorm, Elsie and John made their way to the station. Wet to the skin, they took their

seats and too wretched to talk, stared out over the rain-swept fields. The hoodoo was still at work.

They reached town without an accident and engaged a taxicab to take them to their new home. "We may as well be extravagant," said John. "Things couldn't be much worse."

But worse things happened. A crash, a jar, and the vehicle was thrown on its side. John emerged bleeding from a shower of glass. Elsie, uninjured except for a bad shaking, rose to her feet beside him, and they stood staring at the wreckage.

The taxicab had collided with a large motor van—their motor van, bound for the same destination. The van was not much injured, but its contents had been flung to the ground. There was a rent in the Wilton rug, the living-room table was a bundle of firewood, and every piece of glass was broken, including the pier mirror.

The hoodoo showed no signs of letting up.

"You don't take furniture insurance, do you, John?" asked Elsie, thoughtfully.

"No," answered John, rubbing his chin. "I wonder whether our home is to be found. There may have been an earthquake, Elsie."

But there had been no earthquake. They found their flat, entered, and sat down on the floor. It had been newly varnished, as they discovered about 20 seconds later.

"I think," said John, "that I shall go out and buy a bottle of prussic acid. I'd get a revolver, but the acid is cheaper."

"I wouldn't do that, dear," answered his wife. "Let's go out to lunch instead."

This proposition proving more agreeable, they lunched very well at a hotel nearby, escaping with nothing more serious than a plateful of soup over Elsie's dress. When they got home a telegram was awaiting John. He tore it open. It was from Stimpson.

"Your house struck by lightning and burned down," it read. "Can offer you terms."

"The mean scoundrel!" shouted John. "It isn't any good to him now and he wants to lure us back and get it away again after it has been built and partly paid for. I'm going back to break his neck."

"But, John," said Elsie, "didn't you carry fire insurance?"

"Yes—why—what?" John's mouth opened, and then he seized his wife by the hands and they danced all over the varnished floor.

"I'll get the whole four thousand!" shouted John. "I'll pay the balance due and it'll be ours, with two thousand to spare. I guess that hoodoo didn't know about fire insurance."

"Let's hurry to the insurance office, John," said his practical wife.

"You know, the company may go bankrupt before we get there."

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Decorative Steins.

The affection of ornamented open shelves in dining rooms with "steins" is a decadent imitation of a custom in high favor in Germany when the silver-smiths of Augsburg and Nuremberg, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries devoted a large amount of invention to the production of drinking cups of various grotesque designs. In Germany today the cups that have this ancient origin are greatly prized by their lucky owners, and when occasionally sold bring high prices. Among the songs of Burns is one upon a whistle used by a Dane of the retinue of Anne of Denmark, when she came to England. This whistle was laid upon a table at the beginning of a drinking bout, and was won by the last drinker who was able to blow it. The Dane conquered all comers until Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton—"Maxwellton banks are bonnie"—after three days and nights of a hard contest put the Dane under the table.

The man who is willing to take things as they come generally finds that some one else has headed them off.

POULTRY FACTS



SUMMER CARE OF THE EGGS

Practice of Holding Product for Higher Market Price in Autumn Results in Serious Loss.

(By N. E. CHAPMAN, Extension Poultry Specialist, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.)

In the summer months, eggs should receive the same care and consideration as sweet milk and cream, and be marketed daily, if possible. They should not be exposed to draughts of warm air, and should be protected from the rays of the sun and from moisture, in handling, marketing and shipping. The common practice of holding eggs for a higher market price in autumn results in poor quality and serious loss instead of gain. Under ordinary farm conditions, eggs should never be held. The farmer, however, is not the only one responsible for the shrunken eggs on the market. Country merchants have been equally blamable for the annual loss.

A fresh egg will absorb odors as readily as fresh milk. Mustiness or moldy growth in egg cases or fillers will taint the egg and lower its quality. Eggs should not be stored in musty cellars, or in rooms with fruit, vegetables or fish.

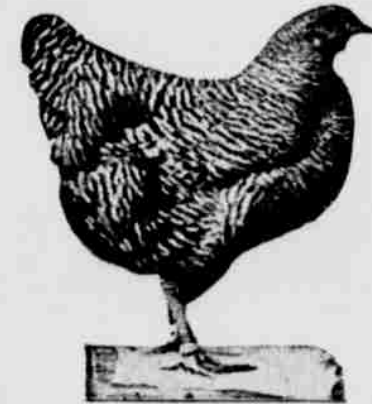
The flock should never be allowed to drink filthy water, be fed musty grains or strong-flavored vegetables, as onions and garlic, or given access to decaying meat or substances that will flavor the product and impair its quality.

ADVICE CAN'T BE FOLLOWED

Impossible to Have Egg Layers Alone, Consequently Farmers Must Keep General Purpose Fowl.

The advice is given generally to select an egg breed for egg production, but on the average this advice cannot be followed very well, as the principal egg breeds, Leghorns, Anconas and Minorcas are poor mothers and can scarcely be kept to advantage unless incubators and brooders are employed in raising the chickens. Consequently a majority of farmers and back yard poultry men are forced to keep a general purpose breed. Of these the Barred Plymouth Rock, the Wyandotte, the Rhode Island Red and the Orpington are all deservedly popular.

Far too many flocks of mixed fowls or mongrels are kept. These are less profitable than the pure bred birds. Eggs uniform in color and size are



Prize-Winning Plymouth Rock Pullet.

worth more in the markets than eggs mixed in color and size. The same principle holds true when any considerable quantity of market poultry is to be disposed of. Then, too, the farmer with a good flock of pure bred birds can always sell eggs for hatching at a considerable increase over the ordinary market price for table eggs, and in the fall many of the surplus cockerels can be sold to good advantage for breeders.

Cleanliness.

There is one word which poultrymen must never forget and that is cleanliness. Without it failure is certain. The ammonia fumes from droppings left under the roosts are sure to produce roup and throat troubles which are particularly fatal. Lice will breed and thrive in filth, and will ruin your flock in a short time, unless exterminated.

Pullet's First Eggs.

The first one or two litters of eggs laid by pullets are not so serviceable, so pure or profitable for hatching as is their later product, for the reason that they were first formed at a time when the pullet was growing and the organs not fully developed.

NATIELLO AND HIS BAND	COME TO THE SEVENTH ANNUAL OKLAHOMA STATE FAIR	ENCAMPMENT UNITED STATES SOLDIERS
AND EXPOSITION	OKLAHOMA CITY	
SEPT. 23	OCT. 4	
OPENING DAY	CLOSING DAY	
HARNESS AND RUNNING RACES	WORLD'S FAMOUS SPEED DEMONS IN THRILLING AUTO RACES NEWEST AND MOST DANGEROUS OF SPORT AUTO POLO	HORSE SHOW FIVE BIG NIGHTS SEPT. 29 OCT. 3

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Are you thinking of "leaving the country?" Where'll you go? There are lots of places. Ohio, for example, is a state where corn rarely fails—and where last March, floods did damage amounting to upwards of \$400,000,000. That is more than the cost of all the drouths Oklahoma has ever had. Perhaps you have read of California's beautiful groves of oranges and other tropical fruits; and of the graceful, waving palms, the salubrious climate, and the certainty of production under irrigation. But don't forget that in one night last spring, a freeze did more damage than the drouths of 1901, 1911, and 1913 cost Oklahoma. Maybe you're thinking of putting a cover on the wagon and hitting the trail back to your wife's folks in Kansas or Missouri. They don't want you, especially in Kansas, where they've been hauling water and shipping out their livestock because of the effects of drouth. Or you may conclude that you'll go "way back east" to northeastern New York, where "the summers are not so hot and the grass is always green." Late in July, the blue grass pastures there were so dry that sparks from the locomotives set the grass on fire. Forget it! This, if ever, is certainly the time to stick, to stay, and to win your way out of your present difficulties. The advertisements of Florida lands may look pretty and read well; but they tell nothing of the sand and the swamps and the grief which is the portion of the wanderers who never permanently light. If I knew of a better place than Oklahoma I'd be there. If I felt that the present condition of things in Oklahoma is an inevitable consequence of the soil and climate, I'd leave right now. But I know of no better place and I likewise know that when in Oklahoma, we once learn to do the things that we know ought to be done, years of drouth will have lost their terrors. Stay with it!

With few exceptions, there is feed enough in every Oklahoma locality to carry all of the breeding cattle through—if the feed is saved. But many are discouraged, are selling off their livestock, and are making no effort to save the feed which has been produced. Of course, no one can accurately foretell future prices for cattle and hogs, but the record of the past certainly affords some indication of what to expect in the future. The St. Louis Livestock Reporter has reviewed prices during and immediately following years of drouth. In August, 1911, beef cattle sold at \$9.50@9.75; a year later they brought \$9.75@10.50. The corn crop in 1911 was fifteen per cent. under normal. Hogs were \$6.70@6.85 higher in August, 1912, than in August, 1911. In August, 1902, beef cattle sold for \$2.00@2.75 higher than in August, 1901, when the corn crop was forty per cent. under normal. Hogs were \$1.30@1.42 higher in August, 1902, than in August, 1901. In 1881, the corn crop was thirty per cent. under normal. The general range of prices for beef cattle in 1882 was \$9.45@1.39 higher than in 1881; for hogs, \$0.25@1.85 higher. Certainly this is a good time to be keeping what you have in the way of breeding stock of all sorts. And to keep it, every scrap of feed must be saved and stored away. It can't be marketed to better advantage than by feeding it to good cows and sows.

Arthur L. Smith

RAISING FLOWERS IN POTS FOR WINTER

During August, or the first part of September, preparations should be made for the winter house plants. Geraniums make such satisfactory plants, and all can grow them if they will begin now and give them a chance. Experienced flower growers say that a quart tin can is the best thing to use in growing plants. Punch holes in the bottom of the can, put in cinders, small pebbles or sand for drainage, and fill with rich garden soil. Get slips from the geraniums. There is such a variety to choose from the bloomers. Then get the foliage variety and plant them in the cans and by midwinter you will think the plants have paid for their trouble. There are lots of other plants if one has room for them. The old fashioned ground ivy makes a beautiful plant for a hanging basket. Mignonette sowed in small boxes or the tin cans will give fragrance to the entire room. The nicotian plant is very fragrant and one the children are fond of growing.

They like to watch for the star-shaped blossoms. The trailing nasturtium will grow in the house and can be trained up the window facing or a rack can be made for them so that they can be removed from the window when the flowers are sprinkled. The fall flowers, asters and chrysanthemums, must be started in the spring if they bloom in the fall.

If those living near the woods will gather wild ferns and plant them in the leaf mould and give them an abundance of water, they will have as pretty a table piece as any one could buy. The can of parsley should be planted now; it is not only pretty but will be needed for a garnish when there is nothing green for the table. These are some of the flowers that anyone can have. If you wish a more elaborate variety, study the catalogue and order the ones that are not common in your neighborhood and you will have something later to share with your neighbors.

WASHINGTON CITY'S ONLY DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER

With the Democratic party in full control the only Democratic newspaper in Washington consists of a single sheet pasted three times a day on the walls and windows of cigar stores, cafes, hotel lobbies and other places where men congregate.

Although the Bulletin is little known outside of Washington except among newspaper men, it is a unique and successful newspaper. Established in 1894, it has grown in news gathering efficiency and prosperity until its publishers now assert that its 600 copies are read by not fewer than 75,000 persons. While most newspaper publishers seek to interest women, because women read advertisements as well as news, these publishers address themselves almost exclusively to the interests of men.

Mr. Dwyer, the editor, dreamed of the Bulletin 20 years ago when he

saw his copy blue pencilled by the press associations. He yearned for an untrammelled medium for the expression of his views without the intervention of copy readers or editors. The result was the Bulletin, a single sheet newspaper, 22x25 inches in size, printed three times a day—at noon, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at seven o'clock in the evening. Bicycle messengers distribute it to the subscribers.

You can see it in almost any public place. The page is filled with about 800 words of news. This is "fringed" with a prosperous array of advertisements, mostly of amusements, liquors, cigars, men's wear and resorts. The evening edition carries a story of the local baseball game and the major league results. The noon and afternoon editions carry no baseball news except the standing of the American league clubs.